UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson | Louis L. Mann | Curtis W. Reese

UNITY

ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE
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CHICAGO

ANNOUNCEMENT

ANNA LOUISE STRONG, now in China, having arrived at Shanghai May 20, has consented to write for UNITY a weekly letter for six months. These letters, intimate observations of Chinese life, of people big and little, direct from the field - will be a priceless record of history in the making by an honest, competent observer.

The editor asks Unity's family to enlarge the circle - NOW before these letters begin. For one dollar Unity will be sent to new subscribers for six months. Send a name and a dollar. Or more names and more dollars. Or the dollars alone and Unity Office can supply the names. The first letter will appear in June. Enlarge the circle of Unity's informed readers!

John Haynes Holmes
Editor

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IN

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIX MONDAY, MAY 30, 1927 NUMBER 13

The study of Nature is pleasing to God and is akin to prayer. Learning the laws of Nature, we magnify the first Inventor, the Designer of the World; and we learn to love Him, for great love of God results from great knowledge. Who knows little loves little. If you love the Creator for the favor you expect of him and not for His most high goodness and strength, wherein do you excel the dog who licks his master's hand in hope of dainties? But reflect how that worthy beast, the dog, would adore his master could he comprehend his reason and his soul! Remember, children, *Love is the Daughter of Knowledge;* and the deeper the knowledge of God, the greater the fervency of love. Wherefore in the Scripture it is written, "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves."

I tell you, perfect knowledge of the universe and perfect love of God are one thing and the same.

—*Leonardo Da Vinci.*

We regret to announce the death of our beloved colleague in the Unity Fellowship, Frank C. Doan. Fitting tribute to the memory of Dr. Doan will be paid in a later issue of this paper.

We are receiving interesting reports from Mr. S. O. Levinson on his journeys through England and France. He is seeing influential men in both countries, and carrying to them convincingly his flaming evangel of the Outlawry of War. Never was there a more ardent apostle—never a more convincing advocate! We count it particularly fortunate that Mr. Levinson should be in Paris at the very moment when Mr. Briand's suggestion of a treaty abolishing war as between France and the United States has brought Outlawry into the forefront of discussion on both sides of the Atlantic. After interviewing leading French statesmen and diplomats, Mr. Levinson gave out the following public statement, which appeared conspicuously in the Chicago *Daily News:*

"I am happy to say that I have received from authentic quarters the most definite assurances that the proposal of Aristide Briand, French Foreign Minister, to make a treaty with the United States for outlawing war is seriously meant and reflects the overwhelming sentiment of the French people and government for permanent peace.

"Briand's proposal is really to outlaw war between the two countries without reservation and without futile attempts to distinguish between acts of aggression or to define the aggressor. In short, Briant would propose a treaty to rule out war in any event between these two great nations. This would mark the greatest concrete act for peace in the history of the world and would set forever at rest the unfounded charge that France is militaristic and blocks the cause of disarmament and peace.

"If the United States government and people, and particularly the American newspapers, will respond in the same spirit to this epoch-making proposal, it is my opinion that something like a world revolution is at hand."

It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of the Briand proposal. Why does no response come from Mr. Coolidge? Why do not the people demand that the President act? With the return of Mr. Levinson next month, we shall hope to see a campaign organized to force an indifferent administration to use this great opportunity to outlaw war.

The English Tories, hard pressed on the trades union bill, are up to their old tricks. It will be remembered that, when they were similarly hard pressed in the last election, they suddenly forged a so-called Zenovieff letter, published it as evidence of a Soviet conspiracy against the Empire, and on the wave of the "red" scare thus conjured up, rode to victory and office. Now comes another performance of the same sort, only a little more elaborate. Thus, on May 12th last, a force of 150 London policemen, under the direction of the Home Secretary, raided the offices of Arcos, Limited, the trading organization of Russian cooperative societies in England, and also the headquarters of the Soviet Trade Delegation. Amid a great display of force and secrecy, Russian officials were held, their papers seized and carted away, their safes opened, and so on. Now, in due time, at a critical moment in the debate in the Commons, when public opinion is rallying to the Labor Party in opposition to the trades union bill, the Home Secretary will publish revolutionary papers discovered in this sensational raid, and call upon the people once again to resist the "reds." The papers of course will be forgeries, just like the Zenovieff letter, but they may do their appointed work, especially with such elaborate preparation behind them. A "red" scare, duly documented with manufactured evidence, seems to "go" even better in England these days than in America. If there is any sanity in the public mind, however, there must some time be an end to this kind of thing. The silly business of blaming everything on the Russians, and of labeling all progressive ideas and all opposition to reaction as Bolshevism, cannot go on forever. Our own experience in this country with "the bloody shirt" tells the story. Time after time, in the years following the Civil War, the Republicans waved this "bloody shirt," and thus time after time, on the fake issue of treason, won elections. The business failed, however, in the Tilden-Hayes campaign of 1876,

and again, more decisively, in the Cleveland-Blaine compaign of 1884. Very shortly, thereafter, "the bloody shirt" became a joke, and straightway disappeared. So with Bolshevism! There may be one more campaign in it, as the Republicans used to say of "the bloody shirt," but the end is surely in sight.

When has Great Britian ever suffered such a humiliation as that which has befallen its policy in China? What a fall was there, my brethren—what a backdown! And think of Austin Chamberlain having the consummate brass to retain his portfolio after having led his government and the empire itself to the shame of utter and ridiculous defeat! He was going to "show" those Chinese Bolshevists, he was. Hence his ultimatum served along with the other interested powers on the foreign minister of the Nationalists! Back comes a reply as straight and true as a bullet between the eyes—as deadly a diplomatic document as ever came out of Moscow, which is saying a good deal. Instantly furious anger on the part of the English cabinet! Threats, denunciations, expletives rumble like thunder along the black horizon of far eastern affairs. A war seems imminent—or, if not a war, then surely armed reprisals after the manner of the Boxer intervention. Then suddenly, retreat all along the line! The British Foreign Secretary rises in the Commons to say that nothing will be done, and sits down the worst beaten minister in English history. It is to laugh—and to cheer, as well. For this means that the Nationalists of China are in full control, and can now resume their triumphant progress to Peking. The explanation of this amazing episode is not far to seek. At bottom, as Mr. Millard has been pointing out in his authoritative despatches in the New York *World,* is the fact that the western powers are all at sixes and sevens among themselves. Conflicting interests have led inevitably to divided counsels. Next comes the fact that the Nationalist movement, in spite of personal rivalries and local dissensions, is in itself a vast tide of awakened life, which the foreign nations can no more handle than the refugees in Louisiana can handle the Mississippi flood. In the one case as in the other, it is a case of getting out of the way in time. Lastly, comes the steadfast policy of Calvin Coolidge, which does him infinite credit. Newspaper correspondents in China saw "red," the Shanghai business men lost their heads, the American minister and the consuls went plumb crazy, England blustered and whined and threatened. But Coolidge never wavered. There was to be no war in China so far as the United States was concerned. We have long been a severe critic of the Coolidge administration. For this reason do we feel satisfaction in extolling a policy as wise as it was patient and courageous.

Arthur Ransome is one of our great newspaper correspondents. His work in interpreting the Soviet revolution in the early days was an unforgettable example of journalistic intelligence, impartiality, and honesty. When everybody else was blind, Arthur Ransome saw, when everybody else was lying, Arthur Ransome told the truth. Now in China this correspondent is doing what formerly he did in Russia. In a series of dispatches in the Manchester *Guardian,* in England, he is telling the exact facts about the situation in Hankow, Shanghai, and elsewhere, in a way to shame the other men upon the field. As an instance of what an observant and intelligent mind can do with a complex problem we submit the following as it comes to us *via* the columns of *Foreign Affairs* (London):

> The idea that the Nationalist movement in China is something created by Russia with the object of damaging England is an idea with an object. It is sedulously propagated by those who think their interests stand to suffer by the advance of the Nationalists, and are anxious to give a dog a bad name and hang him. These people speculate upon the violent hostility to Russia of large sections of British opinion. They hope to enlist that hostility against China by falsely representing that it is possible to hit Russia by hitting China. Those Chinese war-lords who stand to lose by the Nationalist advance curry favour with England, and disguise their own purely selfish motives by following the example of English and American business men, proclaiming that their warfare against the Nationalists is not inspired by a desire to retain their present powers of absorbing so much of the income of the country that even high civilian State officials are unable to obtain their salaries, but by a desire to fight "Bolshevism." The propaganda of business men and war-lords, aided by that of embittered White Russian refugees, has obscured the real issue in China by continually directing foreign opinion away from the real issue to an extraordinary phantasmagoria in which fabulously rich Russia pours millions of money into the coffers of the South, pays (in Russian roubles, which are useless in China) mobs of coolies to do desperate deeds, sends thousands of agents (miraculously become Sinologues) throughout the country, supplies the officers for an army of half a million men, and holds in the hollow of its hand the leaders of a movement which impoverished countries like England and America have been unable to buy. This idea is dangerous because, as it is meant to do, it prepares the way for an unnecessary war. It is dangerous because it warps judgment on a matter of the gravest import. We are faced with a problem in China that affects our whole future in the East. And at this moment Russia, like a red-herring, is trailed across the scent."

Here, surely, is common sense. How helpful it would be if a similar common sense were applied to all the situations in which Bolshevism appears! Think of the interests here in America which are alleged by our "one hundred per cent" friends to be financed from Moscow! The Workers' Party, the Civil Liberties Union, the various and sundry peace societies, the youth movement, the radical press, the community churches, the social settlements—all supported by Russian gold! One grain of common sense, and all this nonsense would dissolve upon the instant. But common sense will not be used, except by an Arthur Ransome here and there, for the Bolshevik scare is too useful a bogey-man to be dispensed with.

The physical contact of great masses of people is the making of modern civilization. Transportation is the key word of the day. It is not enough to bring the ends of the earth to the man, through the vast modern system of food distribution, and the international ex-

change of commodities. The man must himself go to the ends of the earth. Emerson's mouse-trap maker can no longer expect the multitude to wear a path through the wilderness to his door-step. Modern salesmanship scorns such a practice and its philosophy. The rewards are for the go-getter on hot foot. Paths are being made through every wilderness. But the multitudes are not seeking exclusively to buy; the more ardent are seeking to sell. The passion to get still drives all, but the most are shiftily seeking the double profit of exchange. However the urge to travel is impelled, it is manifestly the shining mark of the new world. What will come of it? The enrichment of life through the discovery and gratification of new wants. The establishment of friendlier relations between heretofore alien peoples through the inevitable better understandings of closer contacts. The break-up of most of the old stolidities and stagnations of former civilizations. Standardization of manners. Regimentation of thought. The raising of dead levels and the lowering of eminences. The submergence of the world of Emerson and Thoreau and Burroughs, and the exaltation of the world of—Well, now, whose is the new world to be? That of the hand-shaking politician? That of the radio-broadcaster? That of the purposeless, swaggering, cynical globe-trotter? Let us live in larger hopes! There is wider, securer peace in the new order. There is plenty. Let us hope, even against present appearances, that it will be plenty for the multitude, not merely for the grasping few. How much scope will there be for the individual genius? for the artist who aspires to an excellence which only the ages can vindicate? for the producer of fruits which only the culture of generations can ripen? Again, we need not give up hope. Democracy, come into its own, will not tolerate the moron or the robot. It will so scorn both that it will permit neither to be born. It will bring all men together so that they may combine their strength in the common tasks of the common good, not to murder and pillage, not to oppress and enslave.

The apartment house bids fair to bring on a social change of the first magnitude. It is less cause, and more effect of other profound social changes. Not in six months has application been made for a building permit on Manhattan Island, the principal of the five boroughs of New York City, for the erection of a single-family house. For years few or none have gone up at a cost less than a millionaire can afford. In New York, at least, families no longer sit under their own vine and fig tree. Only in the suburbs is that sort of thing in form. And the apartment house is rapidly spreading into the suburbs, also. Zoning for or against them is the civic or political issue in almost all of the New York environs. What is happening in New York is the order of today, and certainly will be the order of tomorrow, in practically all of the larger American communities. Indeed, few aspiring towns have not arrived where the apartment house is a sign and seal of civic ambition. Attendant with this movement is a distinct drop in the proportional numbers of domestic and personal servants among those employed in gainful occupations. Families who demanded a servant in a private house get along without any in an apartment. In an apartment one or two servants suffice for families who employed five and eight in palatial private residences. Some of the greatest of the great in American economic circles have joined this migration out of the private home. Thousands of the old houses of Manhattan have been razed during the past two or three years, and among them palaces which have been landmarks. This movement looks like a democratizing process, does it not? Servile classes are dwindling, and those who serve food and sweep and dust rooms are being accorded a new dignity; the new organization of these social functions certainly gives the workers new power to control wages and schedules of work. But will not the movement precipitate even more profound political changes? How generally and faithfully do apartment house denizens vote, or perform other civic functions? It is well for all good citizens to keep eyes open for what we shall see. The family is a hoary institution; what is the apartment house doing to it? How much difference does it make?

Verily it a difference maketh whose ox is gored! For two generations the Princeton theologians have been preaching submission to the mandates of the Presbyterian General Assembly as the supreme authority over the various ministerial training schools of that denomination. More than one of these schools has been in toils when the General Assembly's acts curtailed their liberty of thought and action. Princeton Seminary has been among the faithful, and has been scandalized by the recalcitrancy of sister institutions. Now the General Assembly is thrusting in a horn among the Princetonian viscera, and Princetonian bellowings, in contrast, reduce to a murmur the former rebellion of her sister seminaries. Princeton does not like at all to be told that she must cease her internal discords, that she must abandon her archaic method of bicameral directorate and submit to the control of one official directing body, that her outstanding theologian must have his papers of appointment to a professorship held up until the matter may be looked into more searchingly. Bitter dissension within the faculty and directorate of this ancient "school of the prophets" has long disturbed peace-loving spirits within the Presbyterian Church; latterly it has amounted to a scandal which has offended most of the participants themselves. Theology is not the issue. Both sides to the controversy are fundamentalists. One perhaps believes the other is not sufficiently militant in its fundamentalism and the other opines that flaunting all

of the cardinals of fundamentalism on the sleeve is not essential to propriety in the faith. But neither will permit itself to be doubted on the grounds of orthodoxy. A committee of the General Assembly which has been going into the situation thoroughly finds hopeless personal animosities. Disagreements are the more bitter because they are not founded upon discoverable distinctions of doctrine or conviction. Liberalism is quite out of the picture. And the liberal is likely to treat the whole performance lightly because it sounds like a contest about who can shout tweedledee or tweedledum the louder. It is hard to tell which to bet on.

Goodness at Work in the World

UNITY has a good deal to say, and justly too, about the "seamy side" of what men fondly call modern civilization. But UNITY really believes in the overwhelming righteousness that guides the world; no small part of the work of its editors consists in bearing enthusiastic witness to the everlasting presence and beauty of the great silent spiritual force in and behind all things and events.

It somehow came to pass quite unexpectedly that I was invited to visit the Piney Woods School away down in Mississippi where the hilly forest section of the state stretches towards the Gulf. Here a few years ago came a young Negro teacher, Laurence C. Jones, who saw at once a great need and therefore a great opportunity, and with splendid faith and devotion to match his faith, started in a rude shack, close to a lonely cedar tree on the brow of a hill, the tiny school which already is coming to be known with Hampton and Tuskegee as one of the demonstrating marks of the wonderful efficiency of the good will in human affairs. When a man like Mr. Jones puts his hand on one's shoulder and says, "Come and see our school and speak to our graduating class and their friends," what does a thousand miles and more of distance amount to? You feel as if you had your orders from the headquarters of the kingdom of heaven!

Let me show now how this journey from the start extended and opened up sundry splendid views into the treasure-islands of educational venture, not foreseen in the original program for Piney Woods. Hampton Institute in Virginia lay not far from the great line of travel further southward. Many friends were about to attend the always inspiring exercises at the anniversary of this splendidly equipped school. Almost fifty years ago in the course of a short visit with Dr. F. G. Peabody I had happened upon the Hampton School almost in its infancy, and both of us, I suspect, had enjoyed a precious "experience of religion" in meeting there two great men, namely, General Armstrong with his inspired vision of a new work for a race just rising out of slavery, and Charles L. Brace, who had already faced the perils of martyrdom for his ardent love for liberty and returned from a prison in Austria to see a revelation of what common-sense and love working together might do in redeeming the vilest slums of New York City. The touch of these men has been with me all my life to assure me of the invincibility of simple goodness such as we all love.

What a transformation has come meanwhile over that bold enterprise at Old Point Comfort! The big fort is doomed to pass away—perhaps to become a grand national hospital. But Armstrong's and Frissell's and Greggs' school must live as long as man works out his infinite quest toward the values that never die. My old friend Peabody was here on this anniversary to give a beautiful address to the graduating class. Mrs. Bethune, the colored teacher, was here holding the great audience in the hollow of her hand, and reaching every hearer's heart with her charming and earnest oratory. Who doubts that the Negro race or any other race may not attain the stature of the complete man? Hampton is a sort of shrine. All educators must come here for renewed inspiration.

From Hampton through Richmond and delightful Virginia lands and across North Carolina, already grown rich and considerably civilized since I first saw her possibilities, learning now how to spend some of her millions, but not yet spending enough in educating her people, I found myself Sunday morning at Camp Hill, Ala., at the Southern Industrial Institute. I wish that friendly people might know what admirable work its principal, Dr. Lyman Ward, has been and is doing here with a most interesting and devoted group of teachers in bringing young people forward out of crude beginnings into a capable and altogether useful manhood and womanhood to the certain enrichment of our common citizenship. Years ago Mr. Ward was impressed with the fact that in the vast sparsely settled southern states many white children often of excellent human stock suffer almost total poverty for no fault of their own, simply from the distance of their homes from any decent school. The friendly people in the little town of Camp Hill, none of them wealthy, helped him to obtain quite a farm. The rest of his capital consisted in his never-failing faith and utter devotion shared by his faithful and excellently educated wife. Let me say to anyone among his scattered helpers throughout the land that they never have done anything better with their dollars than to invest them in the Camp Hill Industrial Institute. Here is a center of humanity and spiritual light of the sort that all men who look upon it learn to love and at last to desire.

On one of my happy days at Camp Hill, Mr. Ward drove me with one of his veteran teachers over to Tuskegee. I had visited the school when it was young and poor. I had been lodged, courteously indeed and

royally, in Mr. Washington's log cabin. But I saw never more surely at work than then the faith, and hope and good will which always effect miracles. The splendid plant which one sees now,—a little town by itself,—is only an outward sign of spiritual power. An hour's talk with that marvelous Prof. Carver, true genius in the chemistry of plant life and equally at home in discussing the commercial possibilities of Tuskegee weeds or the evolution of humanity, made for us visitors at lunch with him that day as good a piece of higher education as if we had been seated with the great President Hopkins on his famous log. Tuskegee had already passed its anniversary days though work of some sort is always going on there. Dr. Moton, whom I had heard speaking with his characteristic forcefulness at Hampton, had not returned from his eventful journey around the world. I enjoyed a hearty greeting from the faithful treasurer of early days, Warren Logan.

A good many people have been interested for more than twenty years in Mr. W. H. Holtzclaw's school at Utica, Miss. Its founder was a Tuskegee boy. Robert Ingersoll thought that health ought to have been catching instead of disease. Health is catching specially spiritual health whereby men live. The story of the growth of education demonstrates this. Utica is about fifty miles across country from Piney Woods. I was fortunate in being able to attend Holtzclaw's graduation exercises, to "listen in" with his trustees, Negroes and whites, men and women too, an excellent group and able, I thought. Dr. George L. Paine of Boston is their chairman. His address ought to have heartened his hearers in which he related the astonishing facts of the progress that the Negro race has made since emancipation. Every step upwards for the Negro has been a step likewise for the whites and for the whole country. Mr. Holtzclaw's patience and courage have had to bear a great deal of difficulty by reason of successive fires destroying his buildings. I was glad to be assured that the fires came from no cause likely to operate again, least of all from any manner of malice. In fact, the immense change in southern public opinion from the old time suspicion to actual good will and friendly co-operation is one of the most cheering sights of the time,—a foretaste of the coming of a new and generous spirit into all human affairs. It is much to be wished that this Utica School could be replenished with the necessary buildings, as well as with funds enough to pay the teaching force their meager salaries with business-like punctuality.

Before saying good-bye to the good people at Utica, I was taken thirty miles over one of the roads where General Grant had marched in the course of his costly siege of Vicksburg, and was shown from the bluffs and then from the lower town close to the water, something of the vast flood just then desolating the Mississippi country. I saw also how already the long and mighty arm of the Red Cross relief was being stretched out to save by thousands the suffering refugees. Who can ever deny that the Golden Rule is coming to be a recognized law of practical human action? Here in impressive contrast was chaos; the underlying material of all things, and on the other hand, always mightier than chaos, the divine intelligence commanding chaos into the abiding service of order and unity.

While at Utica I was taken by surprise by a telephone conversation with that good and true man, Principal E. M. Brown of Minter who must have come up to Selma to give me a welcome. I had hoped to be able to see his school, but the working term had closed and from the Mississippi side his Alabama town was rather inaccessible.

I finally reached Piney Woods by returning to Jackson and going about an hour south on the Gulf railway through beautiful woods. What a pretty place I found and what a cordial greeting from people whom I had never seen before! It seemed like the kind of fellowship that must have prevailed in the early church when men of the mind flowed together! And what an attentive hearing they give to you, both blacks and whites, all in the name of the simple religion of goodwill at all their various meetings! Mr. Jones is very ingenious, and whether you look on at a play by the graduating class, or listen to a concert where the quartet, the brass band, the wonderful solo performers and the school chorus lift your soul with their music and fairly rival Hampton with the harmony of the "spirituals," or again when they show you by actual demonstration how to do all sorts of useful things—creative work—to prove that the ideal and the practical are one, the Principal is certain to find some minutes for any stranger present to speak his message concerning the good life and the fair and fine chances that open before every child of man who has caught the vision of the divine universe.

Piney Woods School is surely consecrated to music and beauty and truth and universal kindliness and service. What Armstrong and his friends were trying to do by way of assuaging the ravages and resentments of the great Civil War more than a half century ago, devoted teachers are actually accomplishing for this new generation which after the most terrible of all wars is facing the one tremendous lesson of history, namely, that no enterprise in this world is worth trying that does not rest upon willing and gladsome devotion to human welfare. Who really desires anything more than to have a part in some form of this bravely venturesome work. Finally, read the little story of Laurence Jones' life, or listen to the singing of one of his quartets and be sure that your little will moves somewhere with the same music which shines from suns and stars.

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Jottings

Later reports from our special correspondent in India state that Gandhi's illness, referred to in last week's issue of UNITY, was accompanied by paralytic symptoms. The Maharaja of Mysore has opened his palace in the Nundy Hills for the Mahatma, who is now steadily improving. It is possible that he may resume his interrupted tour, which was bringing such great results, in June.

"Wealth and military force," according to Vice Admiral Louis R. de Steiguer, are what give America her present prestige. This may be true, though we hope not; but granted that it is, why boast about it?

The Hall of Fame is living up to its name! At the recent dedication of the bust of William Ellery Channing, it was solemnly announced in one of the great, New York papers the next day that "a bust of William Ellery Chapman was unveiled."

In a single newspaper article describing the flight of Nungesser's "White Bird," the reporter speaks of the (1) "roar," the (2) "whine," and the (3) "ghostly muttering" of the motor, as heard over Newfoundland. This motor was evidently a versatile one. What a pity that it could not have survived the trip.

Foreign Affairs (London) runs an events-of-the-month calendar, under the title "Round the World." In the May issue (page 318) appeared this note:

United States

April 3—Reported 29 cases of lynching during 1926.

Ambassador in Mexico City made "strong representations" to Mexican Foreign Office regarding kidnapping and killing of American engineer by "bandits."

We nominate this for the Pulitzer Prize for irony!

In the midst of the Chinese crisis, in April, 30,000 British laboring men pledged themselves through the Independent Labor Party conference at Leicester "to refuse to fight or to manufacture or transport munitions if the powers go to war against China." A little more of this, and we will have no more wars!

J. H. H.

American Notes

[Editorial Correspondence]

"No Battle Ships in China," "Withdraw Marines and Battle Ships," "China for the Chinese," "Down with China's War Lords," "Denounce British Imperialism in China,"—and what are these flaming banners I saw in Union Square, New York, on this beautiful Saturday afternoon in May? They were certainly home-made—these and many others of the same kind—that were held aloft, above the heads of ten thousand people.

It was all about the Chinese, their struggle for freedom, from their own bad conditions, and from the oppression of foreign powers, chief among the sinners being Britain—chief, because she was earlier on the ground and had more interests in China. She had more oportunity to be bad. The other powers were rather imitative—like little boys on the play-ground. . . . There were three platforms, and from these—each with a presiding officer—went many sympathetic words and resolutions, which, on the wings of applause, must have succeeded in reaching the hearts of the Chinese, across the Pacific. The speeches were short and straight to the mark, and went as far as the lungs of the speaker could carry them. . . . In open-air meetings like this, one realizes the differences in voices. When one would speak, in just a moment people would swiftly come, as flies to sugar. . . . Again, they would melt away, as swiftly. . . . I am inclined to think that budding orators should take a year, in open-air speaking, before being given permission to appear in public.

And there was no color line drawn—unless it was in favor of color. As in the Day of Pentecost, they came from many lands. And Pentecost was outdone in the fact that many women spoke—some of these doing the best. . . . These speakers came from Haiti, from Africa, from China and Japan, with others from the many lands of Europe. One was a Professor from Columbia, another a Professor from Chicago—and these swung their arms as vigorously, as those who came from the Textile Workers and Rand School.

As I had difficulty in hearing some of them (my ears are perfect) my Yankee ingenuity would make the suggestion to future committees of arrangements, that 1. Sounding boards be provided. (Make one that could be folded, like an umbrella.) 2. This could be made so as to provide for covering for the speaker. Either this, or let him keep his hat on. Some of the speakers—especially the ones whose heads are uncovered by nature—will be struck down, some hot day. . . . It is unnecessary waste. 3. Let the name of each speaker be printed and hung over his head, as he speaks. . . . I went away, not knowing half of the people whom I had had the honor of hearing or seeing. . . . The presiding officer named each one, but his voice didn't carry, or some one near was talking to his girl. . . . This would have the advantage of knowing who the three speakers were, although you might not be able to hear all. . . . However, this arrangement would make it too easy for unfriendly observers to get information.

If the White House and the Foreign Office, at Washington, could have tuned in on Union Square, much information could have been acquired for the wisest handling of Chinese affairs. . . . There was handed out a lot of solid information. . . . For

example, one young American, with erect form and clear eyes, told of his visits to the mines and textile factories of China—how he found little naked boys, not over seven years of age, working for 12 hours a day, seven days a week. . . . In the textile factories, he found women, working 12 hours a day, seven days a week. . . . At the feet of some of these women he noted little bundles—babies, a few months old, necessarily brought by the mothers, who are driven by poverty. . . . This same young man—I think he is a teacher in Columbia or Chicago—said that in Russia, he saw no children in the mines, that the miners did not work over 8 hours a day, and that in the textile factories of Russia the hours were never over 8 hours a day. And I said to myself, under the beautiful May sunshine, while the shadows of the mighty man-built mountains were stealing across the Square, *that* is one thing that Russia has secured for her people for which I thank God and Lenin, his servant. . . . And *this* which Russia has *got* I would like to see China's toiling millions *get*. . . . Is this wrong? . . . And, my thoughts turned toward President Coolidge and Secretary Kellogg—heads of the government, which my ancestors have helped to build, now for nearly 300 years, land of Wendell Phillips, Garrison, Lincoln—and I said, surely, there is not so much prejudice in the hearts of my President and my Secretary of State, as to make them unable to say, *what* Russia *has* for her workers is good? . . . Also, that the bringing of economic freedom to the babies and women of China is good.

And, the man from Haiti told his story of how this little republic—with a long and honorable career in independence — had surrendered its independence, under compulsion, to the applied force of the big republic. . . . And, pleas went up — from many hearts—that the Chinese might not be hindered in their struggle for freedom, — and these pleas came from folks who knew of the land for which they were pleading. . . . I certainly think that a broadcasting station —like the one in the Majestic Hotel—should be set up for the mass meetings of the people who gather in Union Square. . . . And, the President and the Governor, with their advisers would surely wish to tune in before making up their minds on any important issue!

There were two or three friends of mine among the performers. In fact William Pickens and Robert Dunn acted as chairmen,—and it was Pickens' wonderful voice, adjustable to a tete-a-tete or a great auditorium, that boomed out the Whereases of the Resolutions, for the mass to approve of. . . . And, they did it with uplifted arms—"so that the photographer may get you!" — and the resolutions were splendid, and as Pickens read them I could hear Abraham Lincoln say, Amen,—for, you know that Sun Yet Sen, the "Father" of the Chinese Revolution, says that he got his inspiration from Lincoln! . . . What Republican will dare go back on the pupil of Lincoln? . . . And, what is happening in China, in the Nationalist Movement, is really the soul of Lincoln marching on! This is fact, not fancy! And the British foreign office (not the British people, mark you) tried to hinder the movement for freedom, under Lincoln, just as now the British foreign office is trying to stand in the way of China's freedom. . . . Lincoln's soul is marching on! What American will dare stand in the way?

To return to my friends—Pickens and Dunn—I knew that they were men of parts, but I was unprepared to find the great honor that was thrust upon them at the meetings. I first saw Dunn, in Russia. . . . He was working under the American Quakers, helping to feed the famished peasants of the Volga. . . . And, Pickens, I knew, is the prize orator at Yale, a teacher of Virgil and Caesar, in Talladega College, and one of the leaders among American Negroes. . . . When he was in Seattle, on his western trip for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (offices, 69 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.) I was impressed with his ability, and I knew, too, that in a recent trip through Britain, he "brought down the house" in a tour, arranged for him by John R. Fletcher, the Quaker, but I was unprepared for the high honor, with which he —and Dunn—were held in their own city of New York.

When they spoke in Union Square, the Mayor, unable to be present himself, had sent 25 fine-looking representatives, in dress-suits, and on horseback, I could hardly believe my eyes. . . . Also, broad lines had been painted on the pavements, to keep back the rush. . . . I know, because I got on the wrong side of the "tape" once. . . . I looked up and saw—what I had before missed—that not only did these fine-looking, well-fed gentlemen represent the Mayor, but each represented his club, of whose strength I am not advised. So, it was like the whole city, officially, turning out to do my friends Pickens and Dunn great honor.

I was told, later, by the *World,* that the representatives of the Mayor even carried tear-bombs, to enable the sympathizers to weep, at critical times, in the addresses. I thought this was a bit of over-acting; for orators like Pickens and Dunn have no difficulty, in producing tears, at high points, in their oratory. . . . But, the Mayor was so careful, in the plans of reception of my esteemed friends, that he had some of his tear-bomb enthusiasts circulate around in the crowd, to make sure that those who "had tears to shed" might have assistance. . . . I came away wondering, what a strange city New York was: also what the statue of Liberty was thinking of at that moment; and, whether it wouldn't be more apropriate to distribute some of the tear-bomb squad around among the churches on Fifth Ave. where spiritual frigidity had come, where a few tears were sorely needed. . . . And, I went away rejoicing in the great honor that was thus heaped upon my friends. . . . I looked up at the smiling May sky, found consolation in Nature, and repeated, "Freedom! Great is Freedom! and Tammany is his prophet!" . . . And, the last thing I saw as I walked away from Union Square—clear up on the top of the highest business cathedral, gilded by the setting sun, were the words: "Camp Fire Girls." . . . They said something that I can't yet quite make out.

SYDNEY STRONG.

The Garbage Man Speaks

The Coalheaver said to the Garbage Man:
"How come it about, and what do it mean—
You and me has the dirtiest jobs that they be,
And they don't pay enough for we to get clean?"

To the Coalheaver spake then the Garbage Man:
"You is right; them pays only poverty doles,
And despise we for doin' they dirty work,
But them as despises has dirty souls."

ALICE THACHER POST.

French Disarmament

[Here is an article to be not "tasted" merely, or "swallowed," to quote Bacon, but "chewed and digested," by all lovers of peace. Mr. Brown, the author, writes us in a personal letter: "Peace in Europe depends upon the rapid spread of unconditional anti-militarism. This law will make it possible for any Government, when it chooses, to make anti-militarism a capital offense. I spent a week-end reading the four issues of the *Journal Officiel* containing the debate, and it simply stunned me."—EDITOR.]

The seventh of March, 1927, should be marked in red letters in the diaries of all militarists.

On that day of our Lord the French Parliament voted by 500 to 31 the new Military Law of which the first article is:

"In time of war all French citizens and dependents, without distinction of age or sex, as well as all organizations legally constituted, are bound to participate, in the conditions laid down in clauses 5 to 16 of the present law, either as combatants in the defense of the country, or as non-combatants in the maintenance of its material and moral life."

It is the logical development of the doctrine of force, the conscription of all and sundry from the baby in its cot in Paris to the last Negro woman in Senegal, not forgetting the Trade Unions wherever found.

The voting of this latest iniquitous manifestation of Western "Civilization" required only four days scamped debate, during which opposition was made only by the Communists who were called every kind of traitor for their pains.

It is of course a "defensive measure."

The Law comes into force in the event of a situation which places the country in danger of attack or in fulfilment of the cases provided for by the Covenant of the League of Nations.

In other words M. Poincaré or his successors will be spared the necessity of going to such pains to influence public opinion and will not be required to forge official documents in order to plunge the country into war. The Government alone will be the judge of the "danger of aggression," we know by experience the extent of the knowledge of Parliament in these matters, thenceforth individual judgment and the exercise of the individual conscience will be capital offenses.

In 1914 the French nation sprang to arms to defend itself against "the unprovoked attack of Germany." Georges Demartial has shown the merciless truth of that affair in his book *"L'Evangile du Quai d'Orsay."* In 1914 Poincaré was President of the Republic, today he is Prime Minister and by the new Law, if a similar dangerous situation arose, he would become automatically Minister of National Defense and legally provided with power to mobilize the whole force of France "without distinction of sex or age," to silence all criticism whatsoever and to hand his beloved country gagged and bound to the militarists, as a trussed chicken to an oven.

How comforting it all is, the man whose intrigue, lying speeches and forgery of official documents had more to do with the murder of millions of men than the deeds of any other living individual, legally authorized to again become dictator.

This is what one deputé called "a milestone on the road to real equality and a true civilization," it must seem to the same people in France a queer way of acclaiming the sacrifice of Liberty and Fraternity.

The *Deutschland uber alles* of the Germans has always had as its French translation Poincaré's slogan *"La Patrie audessus de tout,"* it has been left to the *soi-disant* Socialist, Paul Boncour, to translate the words into action and to declare its true meaning—the first duty of mankind is war.

To prepare for war always has and always will lead to war, to talk of peace, one's desire and work and love of peace whilst one is brandishing weapons in the face of one's friends is no easy task. In the exaggerated example provided by this debate one must needs be almost entirely composed of hypocrisy to navigate in such a sea. Paul Boncour is and he did, now striking his chest and demanding justice for France (sic) now relating with throbbing voice the plight of her old friends. The more one reads the official account of the debate the more does the collective madness of the French Chamber become apparent. France was entirely innocent in 1914, she was bled white in defense of civilization against its aggressor, she has "lost the Peace," her one time Allies have shamefully and inexplicably deserted her, but she is magnanimous, these things shall not be counted (any more than the debts) she has worked unceasingly for peace, she has even invited the bullying tyrant of 1914 into the League with her, and now as the culminating proof of her desire for world peace she conscripts her every son and daughter.

One rubs one's eyes in bewilderment that five hundred elected representatives of the most intelligent nation in Europe, should be so wilfully blind to facts and to the repeated opinions of the entire world.

An illuminating instance of this incredible mentality occurred quite early in the debate when a Communist orator called attention to the fact that all wars were "defensive" wars and mildly stated that all the combatant nations could be shown to have had a share in the responsibility for the 1914 outbreak. "Are you indeed a Frenchman or not to speak in this way?" thundered an irate supporter of the Right. "Such language is intolerable," shouted another, and "go and proclaim that in the Reichstag" called a third. The Speaker then rose and solemnly pronounced that "There existed no good Frenchman worthy of the name who could admit that France had even a minute share in the responsibility for the last war." General Applause. (*Journal Officiel,* March 5th, p. 642.)

After that of course anything is possible and it is better to confine oneself to an examination of the consequences of the Law upon France and Europe in general.

Modern warfare implies a rigid censorship in order to obtain the "mobilization of consciences," so long as humanity allows itself to become subject to the fits of collective madness which we call war it must reconcile itself to the sacrifice of all pretense of democratic control, for war is inseparable from dictatorship. One of the most pathetic examples of human stupidity is the fact that it can be made to believe it is fighting for "Liberty" by the very men who at the same time are depriving it of every vestige of that condition. But hitherto there has been a line of defense which, feeble

though it was, afforded a slight protection from too gross an abuse of the public interest, the Parliamentary system at least made necessary a certain delay in which public opinion could react against the threat of slavery.

It was this which rendered necessary the "preparation of public opinion" by corruption of the press, as Poincaré put it to Isvolsky when demanding money for that purpose in 1912. (See Barnes's "The Genesis of the World War," p. 119, 120.) This line of defense is now swept away by the new Law so far as France is concerned, as *L'Impartial Français* says. "For the Caillaux and the Malvy of the future it means the certainty of being sent straight to a firing party at Vincennes without even the formality of appearing before the supreme court."

It is to France that the Continent owes the original curse of Conscription, which in turn had much to do with the armament race and everything to do with the inculcation of militarism into the veins of the body politic of Europe.

There can be little doubt that the new fashion of conscripting women and children will also be eagerly followed. It is a little difficult to see how France's position will be improved when eventually Germany's seventy million odd are lined up against France's forty million. True the law includes French "dependents" and there are many million of colored peoples presumably eager to die in her service.

But the Mediterranean lies between them and their foster Motherland and the crossing need not necessarily be a smooth one. What if the secret agreement between Spain and Italy brought about the use of the Balearic Isles as a combined base? Stranger things have happened and France is not in the good books of either country.

And then again there is another side to the matter which the debate ignored entirely. It was said to be her secret Treaty with Russia which brought about her defensive action in 1914. Today France has a number of secret treaties some of them with countries in a region which as yet shows little disposition to recognize the brotherhood of man. Men being what they are and diplomats still abounding is not some complication to be feared through such close bonds with Roumania or Poland?

On July 29, 1914, speaking at the International Socialist Congress in Brussels, Jaures said that if the French Government demanded war in support of her treaty with Russia, the Socialists, would demand peace in accordance with France's treaty with humanity. Two days later Jaures was murdered in Paris and the war broke out, and for Socialism, deprived at once of its soul and its brains by the bullet of a mental deficient, there was no more talk about treaties with Humanity.

That they should have voted the present law is proof positive that French socialism has not regained its soul, and internationalists may well ask if the Socialist International is in much better shape since no protest comes from it.

The claim is made that the new law will reduce the strength of the French Army from the present 700,000 to 400,000 men. It does not leave much room for satisfaction in view of the fact that Germany was disarmed at Versailles ostensibly as a preliminary to drastic disarmament by the Allies.

There is reason to believe that the almost complete absence of protest in the press by no means represents the feeling of the country and it is possible that this will become apparent by Communist gains at the next elections.

One clause of the Law calls for the requisition of factories and the prohibition of profit seeking in wartime, somewhat on the lines proposed recently by the Christian Science *Monitor*. A few of the more stolid reactionary papers such as *Le Gaulois* and the *Figaro* protested against such a shameful provision but they did not keep it up for very long. Perhaps like myself they have lost the credulity of early youth and find it difficult to believe that a civilized country will go to war without making adequate provision for that *sine qua non* of all wars—the profiteer.

Paris, France. HARRISON BROWN.

A City Garden

My window opens upon a garden where plants, in their fresh verdure, have emerged from their winter coverings of evergreens.

The brave daffodils have burst into bloom and are nodding their appreciation of the sunshine after heavy rain. One group has huge blossoms upon it like miniature cabbages. Clumps of blue squills resemble patches of blue sky, between dark clouds.

The ruby stalks of peonies contrast pleasantly with the tender green of young lily-stalks, the bronze-green of columbine and the dusty green of poppies.

Already the Japanese quince is in bloom and the almonds are coming into color. Forsythias form a golden hedge which hides the neighbors from view.

The sheltered walks will soon beguile us, for the apple, pear and cherry trees are already in tender leaf and many in bud or bloom. What a pleasure to walk there where the setting sun throws long shadows and one sees the outer world through a lattice of green and rose and white!

The wild-flower garden is quite hidden from the street, and is set amongst wild crab-apple and thorn trees. Water trickles down from a huge pile of stones and, where it enters shallow pools, the banks are covered with a network of green leaves—the creeping butter cup. Soon it will be dotted with minute yellow blossoms. One brave marsh marigold is already in bloom; the tall slender spikes of the flag lilies stand erect in the center of the pool, amongst which the leaves of arrow-head glisten. Blood-root has been in bloom a fortnight—now the leaves are fully formed—and the mandrakes unfurled their little umbrellas just in time for the showers.

The beautiful wild pea is almost ready to bloom. This is such a beautiful plant, with its clusters of pale blue flowers, that it is worthy of a place in a cultivated garden.

Phlox and aster, ginger-root and shooting stars, Solomon's seal, Queen Anne's lace and blazing star cover the slopes with a carpet of green; soon they will be a riot of color.

One delicate lady-slipper has already made its appearance, amongst the ferns which are everywhere unfurling their fronds.

What a promise of beauty a month hence! Yet the joy of watching them grow is far greater than the joy in their perfection.

H. S. N.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1927)

PART III—CHAPTER VIII

Brahmacharya—II

After full discussion and mature deliberation I took the vow in 1906. I had not shared my thoughts with my wife until then, but only consulted her at the time of taking the vow. She had no objection. But I was hard put to it in making the final resolve. I had not the necessary strength. How was I to control my passions? The elimination of carnal relationship with the wife seemed then to be a novel thing. But I launched forth with faith in the sustaining power of God. As I look back upon the twenty years of the vow, I am filled with pleasure and wonderment. The more or less successful practice of self-control had been going on since 1901. But the freedom and joy that came to me after taking the vow had never been experienced before 1906. For before the vow I was open to be overcome by temptation any moment. Now the vow was a shield to protect me against temptation. The great potentiality of *brahmacharya* daily became more and more patent to me. The vow was taken when I was in Phoenix. As soon as I was free from ambulance work I went to Phoenix whence I had to go to Johannesburg. In about a month of my going there the foundation of Satyagraha was laid, as though unknown to me the *brahmacharya* vow had been preparing me for it. Satyagraha had not been a preconceived plan. It came on spontaneously, without my having willed it. But I could see that all my previous steps had led on to that goal. I had cut down my heavy household expenses at Johannesburg and gone to Phoenix, to take, as it were, the *Brahmacharya* vow.

The knowledge that a perfect observance of *brahmacharya* means realization of *brahman*, I did not owe to a study of the Shastras. It slowly grew upon me with experience. The shastric texts in that behalf I read only later in life. Every day of the vow has taken me nearer the knowledge that in *brahmacharya* lies the protection of the body, the mind and the soul. For *brahmacharya* was now no process of hard penance, it was a matter of joy, a solace and a comfort. Every day revealed a fresh beauty in it.

But if it was a matter of ever increasing joy, let no one believe that it was an easy thing for me. Even while I am past 56 I realize how hard a thing it is. Every day I realize more and more that it is like walking on the sword's edge, and I see every moment necessity for eternal vigilance.

Control of the palate is the first essential in the observance of the vow. I saw that complete control of the palate made the observance very easy and so I now pursued my dietetic experiments not merely from the vegetarian's but also from the *brahmachari's* point of view. I saw as the result of these experiments that the *brahmachari's* food should be limited, simple, spiceless, and, if possible, uncooked.

Six years of experiment have showed me that the *brahmachari's* ideal food is fresh fruit and nuts. The immunity from passion that I enjoyed when I lived on this food was unknown to me after I changed that diet. *Brahmacharya* needed no effort on my part when I lived on fruits and nuts alone. It has been a matter of very great effort ever since I began to take milk. How I had to go back to milk from a fruit diet will be considered in its proper place. It is enough to observe here that I have not the least doubt that milk diet makes the *brahmacharya* vow difficult to observe. Let no one deduce from this that all *brahmacharis* must give up milk. The effect on *brahmacharya* of different kinds of food can be determined only after numerous experiments. I have yet to find a fruit substitute for milk which is an equally good muscle-builder and easily digestible. The doctors, *viads* and *hakims* have alike failed to enlighten me. Therefore though I know milk to be partly a stimulant, I cannot, for the time being, advise any one to give it up.

As an external aid to *brahmacharya*, fasting is as necessary as selection and restriction in diet. So overpowering are the senses that they can be kept under curb only when they are hedged in all around, from above and from beneath, and in all directions. It is common knowledge that they are powerless without food, and so fasting undertaken with a view to control of the senses is, I have no doubt, very helpful. With some fasting is of no avail, because assuming that mechanical fasting alone will make them immune, they keep their bodies without food, but feast their mind upon all sorts of delicacies, thinking all the while as to what they will eat and what they will drink after the fast terminates. Such fasting helps them in controlling neither the palate nor the lust. Fasting is useful when mind co-operates with starving body, that is to say, cultivates a distaste for the objects that are denied to the body. Mind is at the root of all sensuality. Fasting therefore has a limited use, for a fasting man may continue to be swayed by passion. But it may be said that extinction of the sexual passion is as a rule impossible without fasting, which may be said to be indispensable for the observance of *brahmacharya*. Many aspirants after *brahmacharya* fail, because in the use of their other senses they want to carry on as those who are not *brahmacharis*. Their effort is therefore identical with the effort to experience the bracing cold of winter in the scorching summer months. There should be a clear line between the life of a *brahmachari* and of one who is not. The resemblance that there is between the two is only apparent. The distinction ought to be clear as daylight. Both use their eyesight, but whereas the *brahmachari* uses it to see the glories of God, the other uses it to see the frivolity around him. Both use their ears, but whereas the one hears nothing but praises of God, the other feasts his ears upon ribaldry. Both often keep late hours, but whereas the one devotes them to prayer, the other fritters them away in wild and wasteful mirth. Both feed the inner man, but the one only to keep the temple of God in good repair and the other gorges himself and makes the sacred vessel a stinking gutter. Thus both live as the poles apart and the distance between them will grow and not diminish with the passage of time.

Brahmacharya means control of the senses in thought, word and deed. Every day I have been realizing more and more the necessity for restraints of the kind I have detailed above. There is no limit to the possibilities of renunciation, even as there is none to those of *brahmacharya*. Such *brahmacharya* is impossible of attainment by limited effort. For many it must remain only as an ideal. An aspirant after *brahmacharya* will always be conscious of his shortcomings, will seek out the passions lingering in the innermost recesses of his heart and will incessently strive to get rid of them. So long as thought is not under complete control of the will, *brahmacharya* in its fullness is absent. Involuntary thought is an affection of the mind, and curbing of thought therefore means curbing of the mind which is even more difficult to curb than the wind. Nevertheless the existence of God within makes even curbing of the mind possible. Let no one think that it is impossible because it is difficult. It is the highest goal and it is no wonder that the highest effort should be necessary to attain it.

But it was after coming to India that I realized that such *brahmacharya* was impossible to be attained by mere human effort. It may be said that until then I had been laboring under the delusion that fruit diet was enough to eradicate all passions, and I had flattered myself with the belief that I had nothing more to do.

But let me not anticipate the chapter of my struggles. Meanwhile I may make it clear that those who desire to observe *brahmacharya* with a view to realizing God need not despair, provided their faith in God is equal to their confidence in their own effort.

> The sense-objects turn away from an abstemious soul leaving the relish behind. The relish also disappears with the realization of the Highest.

Therefore His name and His grace are the last resources of the aspirant after *moksha*. This truth came to me only after my return to India.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

The Study Table

Two Novels

I—*A Father and Son*

We are late in reporting this book,* because we were late in finding it. Of contemporary novels we read few, and these by well-established authors. Deeping, we understand, has written many stories and is well known in England. But we had never heard his name, and this best seller, "Sorrell and Son," offered no attractions. In an idle moment, however, in a friend's house, we picked up a copy of the book, and read the first two or three pages. We capitulated at once. This was *our* kind of a book. We had read nothing quite like it since William De Morgan. We purchased a copy of the novel at the nearest shop, plunged into it, and emerged some hours later with mingled smiles and tears.

"Sorrell and Son" is the story of a father and his boy, and of the understanding and deep love that bound them to one another. The father, an ex-officer in the late war, separated from his unworthy wife, is thrown upon misfortune, and becomes a porter in a cheap hotel. The tale is of the parent's struggle for a living, his rise to dignity and independence through sheer force of character, his unremitting devotion to his "little lad," who becomes in due course a distinguished surgeon. The movement of the story is precisely that of life—the father the hero at the start, then giving way to the boy, whose career and passionate love-affair leap to the foreground at the close. But as the father is never seen without the son, so the son is never seen without the father. The title of the book suggests beautifully the partnership which is its theme.

The story is told with a true sense of style and atmosphere. Sentiment suffuses it throughout, but is never betrayed into sentimentality. There are excellent characterizations, dramatic episodes, a background of beauty in nature and in human life. Above all, there is feeling that warms the heart, touches of tenderness and pity, and always the pure current of idealism. It had seemed that, with the death of De Morgan, a certain wholesomeness had gone out of English fiction. But here it is again!

*"Sorrell and Son," by Warwick Deeping. Published by Alfred A. Knopf.

II—*A Husband and Wife*

In her latest novel,* Miss Gale has given us her greatest work of art. It is not her best story—our first devotion still clings to "Birth." But "Preface to a Life" is by all odds her artistic masterpiece. What was begun in "Miss Lulu Bett" is attained in this latest work—the creation and command of a style sensitive to every shade of the author's feeling, and as precise as it is beautiful. Miss Gale has mastered her medium. The mere writing of this book is a literary achievement of which few living authors are capable. With what satisfaction she must have put the finishing touches upon so perfect a manuscript!

The theme of her novel is one with which Zona Gale has become peculiarly identified; in this case, it is developed with a rigor which gives the work the pitilessly logical outlines of Greek tragedy. The story is the familiar one of frustration—the defeat of a life through the conspiracy of unfavorable circumstance and of a will too weak to act on its own responsibility. It is Browning's

> "the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin"

all over again. Lulu Bett, ensnared exactly as Bernard Mead was ensnared, seized her chance when it came along and got away with it, but Bernard never did. Caught by a promise to his dying father, he became bound to a business he hated and to a small-town life he despised. Caught by a promise to a momentarily alluring girl, he found himself bound to a wife he didn't love and to a marriage he could not honor. The one passion of his life, which offered at once fulfillment and release, he let slip by, and when the gods were good, and placed it in his hands again, he had not the courage to snatch and seize it.

The hopeless misery of a life thus ruined by inward cowardice and outward conformity—this is the story; and it is told with an accumulation of detail, and a probing penetration of insight, which make it almost an agony to read. The crowded, cluttered old house, with its petty routine and empty chatter—the dull and slatternly wife, with her attending chorus of

*"Preface to a Life," by Zona Gale. Published by Appleton's.

elderly females—the noisy lumber business, constantly expanding with aimless energy—the silly episodes of neighborhood life—and always, within, the hungry soul, and always, without, that far vision of appeasement in the love that was put aside before ever it was tasted—what wonder that in the end something seemed to snap in Bernard's mind, and the world took on a strange proportion, a kind of fourth dimension, which no one else could see! Did Bernard Mead go crazy? Is this the end that Miss Gale would indicate? Or is the title of the book meant to convey a hope that these fifty odd years were but a "preface" to what would in the end be "a life"? Certain it is that Bernard had never really *lived* at all. Whatever the final outcome, this is the perfect tragedy—his best years gone, his vitality spent, his passion burned to ashes, his dreams now become distorted phantasms, and the story which he was born to enact not even so much as begun!

Life is not often as cruel as this. There are inward compensations for frustration; the brave soul can create for himself what fortune denies. But Bernard was not brave; he was small and weak—as petty as the world he hated. And this is what may happen to such a man! It is a case for both scorn and pity. Miss Gale pities. Therefore is she a great woman, as well as great artist, and her book a great book.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Richard Green Moulton

All friends and admirers of Richard Green Moulton, who died in England on August 15, 1924, must be grateful to his nephew, W. Fiddian Moulton, for writing so just and sympathetic a Memoir of his Uncle, which has recently been published by the Macmillan Company. The activities and achievements of few men are more worthy to be remembered than are those of Dr. Moulton.

Richard Green Moulton was an indefatigable missionary of culture, and one of the foremost pioneers and apostles of adult education. Behind him lay four generations of the Methodist Ministry. He attended Christ's College, Cambridge, taking his degree in Classics in 1874. James Stuart, also a Cambridge man, was the father of the University Extension Movement. He invented its characteristic method—the lecture followed by the class and illustrated by a syllabus. His enthusiastic leadership drew many young men to his banner. Thus it came about that when Moulton was ready to start his life's work in 1874, he began by giving courses of University Extension lectures, under the authority of the University of Cambridge, at Derby, Leicester, and Nottingham.

It is not claiming too much for R. G. Moulton to describe him as a pioneer in the field of popularizing the study of literature. The University Extension Movement gave him his platform; and there thronged around it hundreds and thousands for whom existing organizations had furnished no word of inspiration, unless it might be through cold print. During his eighteen years of University Extension work in England he found an eager response to the kind of appeal he made.

He gave four months to the continent of Europe, lecturing at Antwerp, Cologne, Dresden, Berlin, Prague, Vienna, Buda Pesth, Munich, Innsbruck, Florence, Rome, Venice, Milan, Como, Lucerne, Basle, Paris, etc.

In 1891 he realized his dream of visiting America. His fame grew steadily on this first lecture trip and before it was ended, he had agreed to give the University of Chicago the academic year of 1892-93. For the next twenty-five years Chicago was to be the center from which Dr. Moulton was to do his work, as Professor of Literary Theory and Interpretation in the University of Chicago. It is not surprising that William R. Harper, the first President of the newly founded University of Chicago, should have been attracted to R. G. Moulton. Here was a man who had undoubtedly made good in England under conditions which had effectively demonstrated his power to interest and illuminate audiences along a line essentially his own. It is equally certain that R. G. Moulton was immediately impressed and attracted by Dr. Harper for whom his admiration continued to grow throughout the whole of their association. They were in many respects singularly alike. It was to Dr. Moulton more than anyone else that Dr. Harper entrusted the department of General Literature, and the organization of its many courses.

During the quarter of a century that Dr. Moulton held this responsible position, he was tireless both in the field of lecturing and in writing. He became a familiar figure on lecture platforms and in churches all through the Middle West and extended his lecture trips to all parts of the country.

During the last decades of the 19th century, Matthew Arnold had been preaching that literature was, before all things, criticism of life; and that idea was, consciously or unconsciously, the foundation of R. G. Moulton's conception of literary study. His lectures were unlike those of anyone else. They were both popular and scholarly. Wherever he went he held the record for the largest audiences. He spoke nearly always without notes, his memory was prodigious; his voice clear and penetrating. He knew the art of using gesture, declamation and rhetoric to promote real intellectual study, and all, supported by a genuine scholarship and a sound critical faculty.

His lectures practically always took the form of recitals of literature, and it was amazing to note how he won in this way an interested and eager audience regardless of whether his subject was Faust or Agamemnon or Job. In spite of his dramatic appeal which was a part of the man, he never failed to carry his audience to the heart of great literature and made them eager to study it for themselves.

Among the books that came from his gifted pen, those dealing with the Bible as Literature have become widely influential, e. g., "The Literary Study of the Bible," "A Short Introduction to the Literature of the Bible," "The Modern Reader's Bible," "How to Read the Bible," etc.

In addition to his lecture courses on the Bible as Literature, Dr. Moulton was widely known through his courses on Homer, Dante, Faust, Shakespeare, Milton, Spencer's "Faerie Queene," William Morris, etc.

This Memoir is of intrinsic value, not only as a just tribute to one who "receiving much of truth and beauty freely gave of his best to all," but also because it gives a vivid account of the work of one who, together with a strong feeling for the higher needs of humanity, had a clear and ever-enlarging perception of a progressive means of meeting them.

JOHN HERMAN RANDALL.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

INTERNATIONAL YOUTH TRAMPS—1927

A small band of adventurous Americans under the leadership of Ellis Chadbourne will go aboard the North German Lloyd S. S. Bremen on July 2, 1927, bound for Germany. Ten days later they will be met on the pier at Bremerhaven by members of the Weltjugendliga and some young folks from England. With these German and English companions the Americans will spend the following fortnight studying German art and history in the museums and landmarks of the Rhineland; or viewing German industrialism in the manufacturing centers of Westphalia; or tramping the Rhine and Mosel valleys, the Thuringian forests, the Weserlands, the Harz Mountains, or the Schwarzwald. The common decision will be reached sitting around the table in some Youth "nest" near Bremerhaven on the day of landing.

Fare will be simple during the fortnight afoot; the night's resting places will be those charming Youth hostels of which there are some thousands in Germany. But this Spartan life notwithstanding, the tramps need not prove over-strenuous; the average per day has been set at ten miles with halts along the road where the river offers a deep pool for diving, or where the invitation of the shade is irresistibly pleasant.

Whichever road is followed, it will end, in a fortnight, at the Freusburg on the River Sieg. The Freusburg is a mediaeval stronghold reclaimed by the craftsmanship of German Youth who have made it habitable—and their own. Here at the Freusburg is assembling for the week July 30th-August 7th the first International Conference of the Weltjugendliga (World Youth Alliance). For those who have never attended a Youth Conference in Germany, an experience is in store which no amount of printed program can describe. There will be representatives from many lands and the discussion may range the world. But the way of life for that week will be the German Youth Movement, with its two decades of traditional music, dancing, games and life in nature.

From the Freusburg there will be a choice of roads—to the Chevreuse Conference (France), with new friends into some unexplored region, or to one of the great European centers of civilization—Berlin, Paris, London, Rome.

Details

The Round Trip ocean passage tourist third cabin on steamers of the North German Lloyd will be $190.00 plus the U. S. government tax of $5.00; the American passport costs $10.00; there will be no visa fees to pay, the German visa being free for toursits; membership in the party is covered by an administration fee of $10.00; the two weeks tramping is estimated at $25.00 inclusive; the week at the Freusburg is figured at about $7.00. The essential costs of the summer abroad, sailing on July 2nd by the North German Lloyd S. S. Bremen and arriving in New York August 27th on the North German Lloyd S. S. Sierra Ventana, should not total much over $250.00. The World Youth Alliance is prepared to advise with regard to borrowing facilities.

Regarding the Organizers

The World Youth Alliance (American Section) is the American Branch of the Weltjugendliga, or (in Esperanto) the Mondjunularo. As its name implies, the World Youth Alliance stands for international and inter-racial amity.

Ellis Chadbourne, leader of the tramping group, is American organizer of the World Youth Alliance.

The Open Road is an educational

Correspondence

A Subscriber Attends Geneva Conferences

Editor of UNITY:

Today opens the Economic Conference where I have been all morning.

You ask have I any impressions giving hope and courage of the Disarmament Conference just over. I attended six sessions and I must say about all the encouragement I could find in the Conference is that there was one. To me they sounded like a lot of quibbling navy experts all emphasizing the *obstacles* to disarmament. The exception was the Belgian delegate. In reviewing the work of the Conference he said in effect: "We have discussed reduction of tonnage, reduction of navy personnel, reduction of armaments, limitation of armaments and now limitation of expenditure, all with no harmony of opinion. If this continues this Conference would better be called by some other name."

To one interested on-looker it seemed that it was always England who threw the monkey-wrench. Lord Cecil always cautioned patience and more patience "until the public is educated." I heard him say last August at a speech at the University of Geneva these words: "I shall be overjoyed when we sign an agreement, even for a very little step toward disarmament. We must have first the support of public opinion and we want it always pushing, pushing . . .." Yet while this Disarmament Conference was still in session the papers carried an article on an industrial town in England, Manchester I think it was, where a mass meeting was called and the whole town came to protest England's policy in China and by organizations and individuals pledged themselves that if that policy brought on war they would not go. The tragedy is that the people who suffer must have representatives like Lord Robert Cecil. But things are looking up in England and her next representative to a Disarmament Conference may not be from a Tory government.

I am going to be here through June and hope to attend the three-power conference—America, England, Japan—called by Coolidge to meet here then.

This morning I heard the speech by the president of the Economic Conference, M. G. Theunis of Belgium. Here is a little of what he said:

"Our Conference includes representatives from 47 nations, members of the League as well as U. S. A., Russia, Turkey and others, and delegates of important international organizations such as International Labor Office, International Institute of Agriculture, International Chamber of Commerce, International Co-operative Alliance, not to mention delegates of the principal women's associations whom I am glad to see here. . . .

"It is more than likely that this inquiry into economics will bring out more clearly the close relationship between the economic policies of nations and international peace. It will no doubt be found that the dislocation of economic relations due to war has more serious and more lasting consequences than the material havoc wrought and the destruction of machinery and plant. This perhaps will furnish the explanation of the fact that the central problem, the crux of existing difficulties, would appear to be that trade has been unable, particularly in Europe, to keep pace with the development of means of production which have equalled and even surpassed the pre-war level.

"Keeping strictly to existing possibilities we realize that we are entering on duties that require much time. We are laying the first stone of a structure which will serve the cause of peace.

"There are those who will regard us as a meeting of theorists. It is for us to undeceive them. No one can forecast the results which will be achieved. Results that must be achieved if we are to assuage the world's burning thirst for peace, which grows stronger as the human mind becomes conscious of itself.

"Interdependence, or solidarity if you prefer it, is the essence and the object of the League of Nations. All of us who have pored over the problems on the solution of which depends the fate of states and peoples have seen these problems lit up at times by the light of solidarity. Sometimes the light flickers and is lost in the weight of ignorance, at others it dazzles us. The interdependence of interests is a fact useless to fight against. It must be recognized and turned to advantage in the right direction. That is the work before this Conference. . . ."

I have caught up fairly well on UNITY. When I reached Geneva six weeks ago I went to our W. I. L. house, less than two blocks from my hotel, and brought back an armful of UNITIES and read my eyes tired that night and the next. I've made note of some copies that I want to take with me to the Coast. . . .

REIGH UTLEY.

Geneva, Switzerland.

travel bureau serving student and youth groups in their efforts to meet in international comradeship.

All questions should be addressed to The Open Road, Inc, 2 W. 46th Street, New York City.

RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE CONGREGATIONAL CONFERENCE OF THE STATE OF WASHINGTON IN SESSION AT OLYMPIA, WASH., APRIL 28, 1927

Realizing the gravity of the situation as it exists at the present time in the relations of our government and the governments of Mexico, Nicaragua and China and realizing the difficulties which face the President, the officials of the state department and the Foreign Relations Committee, we, the members of the Congregational Conference of Washington, in session at Olympia, April 28, wish to assure the officials of our sincere concern and prayers; and

Whereas, We realize that the spirit of Christ at the present time is working mightily toward freedom and self-determination among peoples; and

Whereas, This new spirit is bringing into conflict two policies: that of force and that of good will; and

Whereas, There is a growing conviction that the present difficulties are in part created by the investment of American money in foreign lands and the policy of protection by gunboats and marines; and

Whereas, We are opposed to the meddling of one nation in the internal policies of other nations; and

Whereas, We realize that friendship and equal status among the various races and nations is necessary to meet this rising tide of nationalism;

Therefore Be It Resolved, That we believe the time has come when those who wish to carry on business in other lands should be willing to take their chances under the laws of those lands; and

That the presence of gunboats and marines calls forth a suspicious and unfriendly spirit among the peoples where sent; and

That we deplore the unequal treaties with China and believe that fair ones should be immediately negotiated; and

That the present immigration laws with Japan and China are unchristian; and

Be It Further Resolved, That copies of this resolution be sent to the newspapers, the President, Secretary Kellogg and to Senator Borah.

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Sonnet

"God, I am grateful, make me also brave.
The cricket on the hearth said no good-bye
But sang his little tune and then was gone,
So I must go when winter comes, for I
Know what to share and what to live alone,
And what to tell to stars, who, through the years
Utter no comment upon human tears."

From "Sonnets," by Amory Hare.

A MESSAGE FROM GANDHI TO THE ENGLISH PEOPLE

One of the leading members of the British Fellowship of Reconciliation, Muriel Lester, who is also leader of a striking experiment in fellowship life in the slums of London—the Children's House—has recently returned from a thirteen weeks' stay in India, where she visited Gandhi's Ashram and Tagore's school, at their invitation, and enjoyed the hospitality of many Hindu families. The message of the Fellowship was received everywhere with great enthusiasm, astonishment being continually expressed that such a widespread movement for non-violence existed outside India. At Gandhi's instigation, Muriel Lester made an intimate study of the terrible havoc wrought by opium and alcoholism among the people. Both in India and on her return to England, she has interviewed high Government officials, and is now endeavoring to arouse public opinion in England to prevent the Government of India from thwarting the growing national passion in favor of prohibition of opium and drink. She regards this work as a definite commission from Gandhi.

MAY

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